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Biblical Brooklyn

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Biblical Brooklyn

By Autumn Stiles

all I can remember is your tomb of a body,
broken and bloody like the Eucharist,
and our final days together.
how you sat silently at the table,
world-weary, enjoying the fish,
yet knowing that tomorrow
could be your last supper.

and how your father, who art in heaven,
gave you, his only begotten son,
to the 66th precinct of Brooklyn,
our Bethlehem,
so that you might sojourn the sins of man.

in our spring-soaked youth,
i would wash your feet as you combed my hair
and our happiness echoed in the shimmering
reflections that seemed to dance
across the water.

now I am skin and bones, flattened
from years of faithful bending at the knee.
resting on wooden benches, leaning on incense
as thick as the rosary beads now limp
in my hand, trying to grasp
the unraveling threads
of the religion I lost
when I lost you.